

In Recital

Geoff Newton, baritone

assisted by

Margaret King, piano

Monday, April 18, 2005 at 8:00 pm



Convocation
Hall

Arts Building
University of Alberta



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

From *The Barber of Seville* (1775)
Largo al factotum della città

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

From *Ernani* (1843)
Lo vedremo, veglio audace

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Sei mir gegrüsst (1821)
Aufenthalt (1828)
Der Atlas (1828)
Ihr Bild (1828)
Das Fischermädchen (1828)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission

From *Rigoletto* (1851)
Cortigianni, vil razza

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

O mistress mine (1905)
Come away death (1905)
Blow blow, thou winter wind (1905)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

The rovin' gambler (1941)
The gambler's lament (1941)

John Jacob Niles
(1892-1980)

Whither must I wander? (1902)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Newton.

Translations

Largo al factotum della città (I'm the factotum of all the town)

I'm the factotum of all the town! Make way!
Quick now to business, morning hath shown, 'tis day!
Ah 'tis a charming life, brimful of pleasure,
That of a barber used to high life!
No one can vie with the brilliant Figaro, no, none!
Always in luck where good fortune is rife; well done!
Early and late, for all who require me, nothing can tire me, ready for all.
Of all professions that can be mentioned, that of a barber is best of them all.
Scissors in hand, 'mongst my combs and my razors,
I stand at the door when customers call;
Then there are cases quite diplomatic, here damsel sighing,
La ran la rala...
I am in such request, nor night nor day do I rest
Old men and maidens, matrons and gallants.
"Have you a wig there?"
"Quick here and shave me!"
"I've got a headache!"
I am in such request, nor night nor day do I rest!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro! No more this clamour I'll bear no longer!
For pity's sake, speak one at a time!
Figaro! Figaro!
Figaro here, Figaro there, Figaro high, Figaro low
Figaro come Figaro go!
I'm indispensable, irreprehensible
I'm the factotum of all the town!

Lo vedremo, veglio audace (We shall see, audacious old man)

We shall see, audacious old man, whether you'll succeed
In your wilful opposition, if you'll bow in meek submission
To a king's revenge and ire, To a king's revenge, a king's revenge and ire,
Round your head roars mighty anger;
So beware! Sovereign vengeance may assail you,
Like a thunder-bolt to quail you,
It will fall on you like fire; It will fall on you like fire.
Wicked traitor, you'll not go;
Ah, you cannot now escape my ire, No, no!
You'll not evade my blow.
Wicked traitor, you'll not go;
You cannot now escape my ire,
No, no! You'll not evade my blow!
You must expire! Choose then, No evasion, no!
'Tis your king's desire!

Sei mir gegrüßt (I Greet You)

O you, snatched from me and my kiss,
I greet, I kiss you!
O you, reached only by my longing greeting,
I greet, I kiss you!

You, by love's hand to this heart given,
You who from my breast are taken!
With the flood of tears
I greet, I kiss you!

To defy the distance, hostile and dividing,
Come between you and me;
To vex the envious powers of fate,
I greet, I kiss you!

As ever you in love's fairest spring,
Came out to me with greeting and a kiss,
So with my soul's most ardent outpouring
I greet, I kiss you!

A breath of love effaces space and time,
I am with you, you are with me,
I hold you in my arms' embrace,
I greet, I kiss you!

Aufenthalt (Resting Place)

Raging river, roaring forest,
Towering rock, my resting place.
As wave succeeds wave,
So my tears flow ever anew.

The high tree-tops surge and heave,
Just as unceasingly throbs my heart,
And like a rock's age-old ore,
My grief stays ever the same.

Der Atlas (Atlas)

I, unhappy Atlas! A world-
The whole world of sorrow must I bear.
I bear what cannot be borne, and
My heart would break within me.
You, proud heart, you willed it!
You wished to be happy, boundlessly so,
Or boundlessly wretched, proud heart,
And now are you wretched!

Ihr Bild (Her picture)

I stood darkly dreaming,
Starring at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips played a wondrous smile.
And as with sad tears gleamed her eyes.

And my tears flowed upon my cheeks.
And ah! I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Das Fischer mädchen (The Fishermaiden)

Lovely fishermaiden,
Row the boat to land;
Come and sit beside me,
We'll talk fondly hand in hand.

Lay upon my heart your head
And be not too afraid;
For, fearless, you trust yourself
Each day to the raging sea!

My heart's entirely like the sea,
Has storm and ebb and flood,
And many a beautiful pearl
Rests deep below.

Cortigiani, vil razza (Race of courtiers, vile rabble detested)

Race of courtiers, vile rabble detested,
Have ye sold her, whose peace ye molested?
Gold and favour will buy ye,
I know it!
E'en the treasure that naught can restore.
Ah, where is she?
Do not rouse me to madness!
Though unarm'd of my vengeance beware ye!
If you drive me to frenzy,
Prepare ye that the blood of some traitor I'll pour!
Let me enter, ye assassins, ye assassins!
Stand back, let me enter, assassins,
That door I must enter!

Ah! I see it all against me – have pity!
No one! There's no hope!
Ah! I weep before ye!
Marullo, so kindless?
Others' grief never yet saw thee mindless;
Tell, oh, tell where my child they have hidden!
Marullo, have pity!
Say the word where my daughter is hidden!
Is't there? Say in pity! Is't there?
Say, in pity! Is't there? Say, in pity!
Thou'rt silent! Alas!

Oh, my lords, will ye have no compassion
On a father's despairing intercession?
Give me back my belov'd only daughter,
My belov'd only daughter,
Dearer far than my life,
Give her back, I implore!
Have pity, my lords, have pity, my lords!
Oh, give me back my child!
In pity, in pity, oh, hear me implore!
Oh, give me back my child!
In pity hear me, have pity on me!
My child, my child restore me!
My lords oh, hear me implore!